

"THE VICTORY IS COMPLETE," SAYS RUSSIAN REPORT

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1915

One Halfpenny.

TREE WHICH WAS SPLINTERED
BY A HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELL.

£ 11908 K



Tall tree after being hit by a high explosive shell. The picture gives an idea of what a shell can do, for the tree was splintered. It measured about 2ft. in diameter before it was hit.

FACING DEATH ALL DAY: BRITISH
CROUCHING IN A TRENCH.

£ 331 D



A shell has burst, and the men in the trench are seen crouching down in order to avoid being hit. The big guns are rarely idle, and have caused great slaughter on all sides.

MUD-STAINED "TOMMIES" IN THEIR TRENCH.

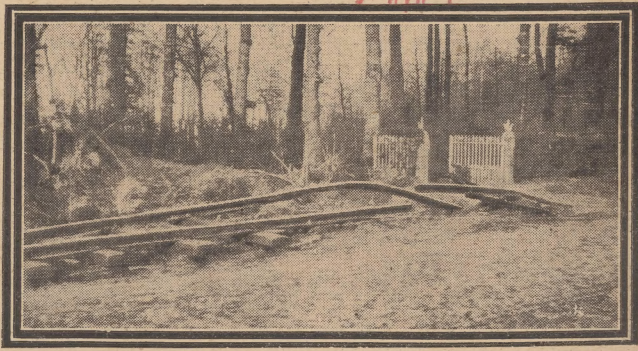
£ 331 D



British soldiers firing from their trench. Two of them have discarded their ordinary service caps in favour of woollen headgear. They are mud-stained and wet, but as cheerful and optimistic as ever.

"THE TERMINUS" LINES TWISTED BY SHELLS.

£ 1111 F



Light railway in Belgium blown up by a heavy shell. The destruction of lines plays a large part in warfare, and mile upon mile has been destroyed during the past five months.

ETON'S NEW LAKES AND TORRENTS

Playing Fields Hidden Under a Foot of Water.

WATER POLO'S CHANCES?

The Thames floods are still providing extraordinary scenes.

In the Windsor and Eton districts the waters are still spreading. The river there has risen about 2in. since Tuesday. It is about 5ft. 6in. above its normal level. At Teddington the waters are 3in. lower than they were on Tuesday.

At the Thames Conservancy *The Daily Mirror* was told that the floods are the highest since 1894.

SCHOOLHOUSE "ISLANDS."

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

WINDSOR, Jan. 6.—There is an exciting time in store for Eton boys—if the floods are still here—when they come back to school after their Christmas holidays.

Smith minimus, his soul thirst for adventure, will possibly have the supreme joy of fishing with a bent pin outside his bedroom window, while to visit friends he may have to bump his way through familiar passages and streets (taking care to avoid lamp-posts) in a punt.

Water polo is one of the outdoor games which could be played by Eton boys at the present time if they were here.

The Eton playing fields are almost entirely submerged. The famous "sixpenny" or Tin-brella football field is covered with over a foot of water, while other green spaces belonging to the college are great lakes and rivers and surging torrents.

WHERE IT IS DRY.

The main Eton high street is still dry, but one or two school houses are entirely surrounded by little lakes of water.

"Won't the boys enjoy it," commented a college servant to-day, "and at Eton several hundred boat races across the meadows, but I don't suppose they will be allowed to go out in it."

There has been a slight rise of about 2in. in the height of the flood around Windsor and Eton to-day.

There are streams of water rear the river which tear along with the force of a mountain torrent, and in the gardens have been running. Datchet and other villages in the neighbourhood have suffered considerably by the flood.

Many of the houses are partially under water, and the villagers are forced to live in the upper rooms.

HOUSES INUNDATED.

There is no abatement in the flood in the Windsor and Eton district.

Some of the roads at the lower end of Windsor are now under water, and at Eton several houses are inundated in Brocas-street, including a public-house, where drinks can only be obtained at the back door from punts.

There was a slight fall of the Thames and Kennet in the Reading area yesterday, but the damage done by the flood water is very serious. Some 250 houses in all are cut off, and deliveries of goods, letters, etc., are being made from carts and punts.

So quickly is the flood water disposed of in the Lea Valley that it is already subsiding.

NOT ALLOWED TO SEE DYING BROTHER

The inquest on the tenth victim of the Hford train smash, Frederick G. Allen, an accountant, of Seven Kings, who died in the London Hospital, was opened at the hospital yesterday.

Dr. Davey, house surgeon, said that Mr. Allen had eleven ribs broken on the left side and seven on the right side. His skull was fractured and his left lung smashed. Nevertheless he lived forty hours after the accident.

A juryman stated that deceased's brother was not allowed to see him, and Dr. Davey replied that if he had been there he should certainly have refused admission, because the severe shock necessitated perfect calm.

The juror: But you may have wanted to give his brother some last message for his family.

The Coroner: The doctor says that if anybody had seen him it might have made the chances of his recovery less.

The inquest was adjourned.

BURIAL OF MR. ILLINGWORTH.

The burial of Mr. Percy Illingworth, the late Chief Whip, took place at Bradford yesterday afternoon.

The chief mourners were the widow (Mrs. M. Illingworth), Mr. H. Illingworth, Mr. A. Illingworth, Mr. M. Illingworth, Lieutenant H. Illingworth, Mrs. Coats, Mr. Herbert Coats, Mr. Ernest Coats, Dr. and Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Bradley. Among those present were Mr. J. Gulland, M.P. (the Scottish Whip), Lord Murray of Elibank, the Hon. F. Guest and Mr. John Maddox.

A memorial service was held at Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London, simultaneously with the interment at Bradford.

The Prime Minister and nearly the whole of the Cabinet and other political friends were present. Dr. Clifford delivered an address.

"ABANDON CARE" CLUBS.

How Anxious Waiting Is Made Easier for Soldiers' Wives.

CHEERED BY DANCE AND SONG.

Mothers and wives of our soldiers at the front are being taught in their newly-found "clubland" to dance the cheery old-time country dances in which all can join and men as partners are unnecessary.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," is the inscription that strikes the eye on entering one of the war clubs for soldiers' wives. The object of these clubs is to make the waiting a little easier.

One of these at Battersea, of which Lady Henry Somerset is the president, has sometimes an assembly of 130 in the evening.

The club opens at ten in the morning, but closes from 12 to 2.30, so that the women may be at home when the children return from school. From 2.30 the club remains open till ten in the evening.

Evening concerts and dances and afternoon sewing meetings and "cutting-out" classes are among the gatherings held.

"Those who come in the morning usually call in to write letters," *The Daily Mirror* was told. "The supper at nine o'clock at night is similar for there is coffee, soup and sandwiches."

The soldiers' wives have the cosiest of little sitting-rooms for reading and writing, and while thus engaged their babies are cared for in a nursery. Refreshments are provided to the wives at nominal prices: tea, 1d. a cup; soup, 1d. a basin. Hot ginger wine and sandwiches each cost a penny.

But what the women seem to enjoy the most—as they told *The Daily Mirror*—is learning to dance the old country dances, which cheer the spirit and are also good exercise.

"STING IN A RAGE."

Arrest of Cardinal Mercier a Blunder That Will Recoil on Germany.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—The *Nieuws van den Dag*, commenting on the arrest of Cardinal Mercier, says:—

We should not be astonished if the Germans did not dare to maintain the arrest, for the measure is based on the fact that the Roman Catholic world would be formidable. Militarism is like the sting of a bee, it stings in a rage.—Central News.

Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, who is now a prisoner in his palace, gave offence to Germany by a New Year pastoral letter. Here are a few extracts from the offending letter:—

Belgium was bound in honour to defend her independence. She has kept her word. The other Powers were bound to respect and to protect Belgian neutrality. Germany has broken her oath; Great Britain has been faithful to hers. These are the facts.

This Power (Germany) has no legitimate shadow of right in the secrecy of our hearts, you owe it neither esteem, nor affection, nor obedience.

The sole legitimate Power in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the representatives of the nation. These alone represent authority for us. These alone have the right to our affection and submission.

Nevertheless, the occupied part of our country placed in a position to which it should loyally submit.

"Let us respect the rules which the Germans impose," is the Cardinal's advice, "so long as they do not transgress the liberty of our Christian consciences or our national dignity."

That the arrest may prove to be a serious blunder that will recoil on Germany's own head may be inferred from the fact that a great part of the population of Germany is Roman Catholic, and in Austria the proportion is still larger.

Deep indignation is felt everywhere by Roman Catholics at the indignity inflicted on a prince of their Church.

AIRMAN'S SUICIDE WITH SCISSORS.

Paris, Jan. 6.—The *Journal* to-day publishes the following from Nancy:—

On Sunday afternoon a rural guard at Laxou was informed of suspicious movements on the part of two unknown individuals who appeared to be making their way towards Nancy.

The retreat of the two men was cut off, but just as they were about to be seized one of them committed suicide by stabbing himself in the chest with a pair of scissors, and the other, taking advantage of the confusion caused by his comrade's act, succeeded in escaping.

The dead man was found to be wearing under his civilian clothes the uniform of a German soldier, but no further information is yet available.—Reuter.

ITALY SEES THE TRAP.

ROME, Jan. 6.—The revolution in Albania is extending, strongly fomented by Austro-Turkish elements. The object is to force Serbia and Montenegro to employ some of their troops on the Albanian frontiers, and also to engage Italy in more serious action in Albania, thus distracting her attention from the main conflict.

The Press here without distinction urges the Government not to fall into the trap, but to limit its action to the protection of Valona, reserving all the energies of the country for the supreme interests arising from the European conflagration.—Reuter.

SHOPPERS' TEMPER.

Magic of Sunshine Changes Surly Bargain Hunters Into Sweet Women.

MAKES ASSISTANTS GLAD.

The sun came back to London yesterday, and the magic of the sunshine lured everybody into a sweet temper.

Once again great shopping crowds thronged the streets, but they were the best-tempered crowds of the past six days.

The flower vendors on the pavements did a roaring trade, whereas for the past day or so their business has been practically flooded out like the houses at Maidenhead.

"Of course, it won't last," said a pessimistic old lady in Regent-street yesterday morning, with a miserable shake of her head.

The pavements are still quite damp and I feel it in my bones that we shall have more rain."

"I don't think there can possibly be much more rain left, auntie," exclaimed her niece.

Meanwhile the manager of one of the big shops that are just now in the throes of the sale season was telling *The Daily Mirror* that the weather had improved trade.

"A little sunshine in the morning like this," he said, "always means good business before lunch."

"And it's wonderful, too, what an improvement it makes in our customers' tempers."

"They have been coming here all through the terrible wet weather, but they have been very surly and capricious. Indeed, our young women assistants have been saying that if Miss Weather went on it would destroy their nerves."

"Of course, it is not really surprising. People can't expect a customer to be good-tempered when the principal girl in 'Sleeper Beauty' pantomime, Drury Lane Theatre, resigned her part on Tuesday under remarkable circumstances."

She had found it necessary to resign because her views on the war were not in harmony with those of the other artists in the pantomime. She is alleged to have expressed pro-German sympathies.

Her inquiry at her apartments in Great Russell-street yesterday Miss Rogers was found to be out.

The landlady, who answered the door, said: "I don't know anything about Miss Rogers whatever, except that I found a note here this morning from Miss Rogers saying she was already on her way back to New York and that she had been the victim of newspapers."

She is pointed out that nothing appeared in any newspaper about Miss Rogers until after she had resigned her part and long after the other members of the cast had objected to working with her.

"BACK TO NEW YORK."

Miss Fern Rogers Leaves London After Resigning Part at Drury Lane.

As was stated in the greater part of *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, Miss Fern Rogers, an American actress and the principal girl in "Sleeper Beauty" pantomime, Drury Lane Theatre, resigned her part on Tuesday under remarkable circumstances.

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GERMANY'S GREAT SAUSAGE IDEA.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—The Berlin newspapers continue to publish articles encouraging the population to be as economical as possible in utilising food supplies.

The great stock of swine of which Germany disposes in normal times has been seriously depleted.

The people are advised to feed on preserves, and to turn their pigs into salt meat and sausages.—Central News.

ITALIANS SEIZ'D BY AUSTRIA.

ROME, Jan. 5.—The *Giornale d'Italia* reports an Italo-Austrian incident which may give occasion for an exchange of Notes between the Consulta and the Ballplatz.

According to the *Journal*, the Austrian military commander, on retiring from Belgrade after the brief occupation of the Serbian capital, carried off some Serbians as hostages, chosen from among the chief public men of the city. It is now stated that, besides these Serbians, four Italian subjects, who were staying in Belgrade, were also arrested by the Austrians.—Reuter.

THE KING'S REPLY TO THE POPE.

ROME, Jan. 6.—King George's reply to the Pope's proposal for an exchange of prisoners was the first received, and was as follows:—

"It is with deep satisfaction that I and my Government welcome your Holiness's proposal, which lent weight to the suggestions we had already made to the German Government. That Government has just signified its consent, and I trust that the arrangement will have been put into force before many days of the New Year have passed."—Reuter.

WAR BUDGET FOR HOUSEWIVES.

How Family of Five Can Live on 35s Weekly.

EXPERT'S DAILY MENUS.

How can persons whose incomes have been reduced almost to vanishing point by the war, best economise?

That is a question housewives of slender incomes throughout the country are just now asking. It is a problem affecting many thousands of homes.

Letters which reach *The Daily Mirror* show that in particular many families who before the war lived comfortably on £3 or £4 a week are now trying to cover the whole of their household expenses on 35s a week.

In an endeavour to solve this domestic problem Mr. C. Herman Senn, the well-known culinary expert and the real "Mrs. Beeton," has drawn up for *The Daily Mirror* a war budget for a typical family of five—husband and wife and three children, between the ages of about three to ten—who have to live on a weekly allowance of 35s.

PREVENT WASTE:

The first step to be taken by the housewife who is obliged to introduce increased economy into her householding, says Mr. Senn, "is to draw up a definite plan."

"It is false economy," he says, "to reduce the food supply, if the family meals are insufficient, and, consequently, unsatisfactory. The most practical steps to secure this end consist in:—

Careful management. Personal marketing. Prevention of waste.

"It is generally the best plan to buy only such food articles as are reasonable and reasonable in price."

"Avoid ordering more than is actually needed from day to day or week to week."

Mr. Senn gives the following approximate budget for the week:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Grocer	6	8	Rent		8
Butcher	4	9	Clothes and washing	3	3
Fishmonger	2	1	Light and coal	2	3
Greengrocer	2	1	Cleaning, soap, etc.	1	6
Milkman	2	0			
Baker	2	0	Total for week	£15	0

WHAT TO BUY.

In the London district the rent would be heavier—say, 10s.—but some of the food cheaper.

The expenditure on food is made up as follows:—

GROCER.		BUTCHER.	
	s. d.		s. d.
2lb. jam (household)	2	1lb. dripping	6
1lb. oatmeal	2	1lb. mutton meat	2
1lb. cocoa	5	4lb. salt flank beef	2
1lb. treacle	5	1 1/2lb. beef pieces	8
1lb. split peas	2	3 Sheep's head	1
1lb. butter	8	1 1/2lb. beef sausages	9
Sugar	5		4
Seasoning	1		
1lb. tea	8		
Flour	6		
Barley	1	Potatoes	1
1 pint barley	1	3lb. turnips	2
2lb. margarine	1	3 bananas	2
Cheese	6	Carrot, turnips,	
1lb. bacon	6	onions, parsley	3
Cake ingredients	6	2lb. rice	3
Lentils	3	Cabbages	3
			2

PISHMONGER.		MILKMAN.	
	s. d.		s. d.
8 kippers or bloaters	9	1 quart every other day	2
8 herrings	9	other day	2
		1 1/2lb. Baker	2

These are the meals which Mr. Senn says can be served up on each day of the week:—

MONDAY—Breakfast: Porridge, cocoa, bread. Lunch: Fried Scotch herrings, potatoes, stewed Tea: Tea, bread, jam. Supper: Cheese, bread.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Porridge, tea, bread and butter. Lunch: Hot pot, bread fritters. Tea: Tea, bread, bread. Supper: Rice soup, bread.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Kippers, bread, cocoa. Lunch: Toad-in-the-hole, potatoes. Tea: Tea, bread and butter, potato scones. Supper: Rice soup, bread.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Porridge, tea, bread and butter. Lunch: Sheep's head, savoury cabbage, bread. Tea: Tea, bread, butter. Supper: Vegetable stew, bread.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Cocoa, bread and butter. Lunch: Scotch broth, banana pudding. Tea: Tea, bread, jam. Supper: Cheese pudding, bread and treacle.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Cocoa, toast and dripping. Lunch: Scotch broth, banana pudding. Tea: Tea, bread, jam. Supper: Savoury lentils, boiled potatoes.

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Tea, sausage, bread. Lunch: Boiled beef, turnips, banana pudding. Tea: Tea, cake, bread and butter. Supper: Minced beef, potatoes, rice pudding.

Owing to the enormous advance in the price of meat," adds Mr. Senn, "the household consumption of this staple article of food will have to be reduced, but flank of beef, breast of mutton, sheep's head, scrag end of mutton, etc., can be bought cheaply and yet made into appetising dishes."

"QUEEN OF THE FORTY THIEVES."

That she was known in the Borough as "Queen of the Forty Thieves" was a statement made at London Sessions yesterday concerning Alice Diamond, aged twenty-three, who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for theft.

FRENCH NOW FIGHTING ONLY 16 MILES FROM FORRESS OF METZ

Trenches Recaptured in 'Very Vigorous Action' in Argonne.

TROOPS MAKE PROGRESS NEAR RHEIMS.

Gains Reported Along the Far-Flung Battle Line—Firm Grip in Alsace.

GERMAN ADVICE BRINGS DOOM TO TURKISH ARMY.

The Allies' centre is now taking its turn in a forward attack against the foe.

At first the Germans in Belgium received severe punishment at St. Georges, and then came the second blow at the other end of the line—namely, the loss of Steinbach, in Upper Alsace.

Now, near Rheims, trenches have been won; in the Argonne, where the Italian contingent played an heroic part, similar gains are reported; and from the Argonne to the Vosges there have been "pretty lively artillery" engagements.

The continued success of the French in Le Prétre Wood, near Pont-a-Mousson, is of exceptional interest.

Pont-a-Mousson is only sixteen miles S.S.W. of Metz, and it stands on the left bank of the Moselle.

For some time past the French have made steady progress in this region, and the time cannot now be far distant when the French will be threatening the center forts of Metz.

There was an unconfirmed report that the Germans are concentrating large forces for one more attempt to break through the Allies' line north-west of Ypres.

STEINBACH HELD DESPITE VIOLENT SHELLING.

French Guns Silence German Artillery in the Aisne Valley and at Rheims.

PARIS, Jan. 6.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium the enemy delivered two unsuccessful attacks in the district of the dunes and the south-east of St. Georges.

On the rest of the front north of the Lys and from the Lys to the Oise there were only artillery engagements.

In the valley of the Aisne and in the Rheims Sector our batteries gained the advantage over those of the enemy, reducing them to silence.

Over 100 yards' progress by our troops is also reported to the north-west of Rheims.

In the Argonne a very vigorous action developed, which enabled us to recapture 333 yards of trenches in the La Grurie Wood at the point where there had been a slight bending in, previously from Bagatelle and Fontaine Madame two violent German attacks were made, in each of which the enemy were one regiment strong. Both were repulsed.

GERMAN TRENCHES BLOWN UP.

Near the ravine of Courte Chausse we mined and blew up 888 yards of German trenches, of which we have occupied a half.

From the Argonne to the Vosges bad weather, fog and mud continue, but there have been some pretty lively artillery engagements at different points along the front.

In Le Prétre Wood, near Pont-a-Mousson we have continued to gain ground. In the Thann district, in spite of a violent cannonade, we maintained our gains of the day before, both at Steinbach itself and in the trenches to the north-west and the north-east of the village.

The enemy succeeded in occupying one of his old trenches on the east flank of the hill 425, the summit of which remains in our possession.

In the Argonne, near the ravine of Courte Chausse, where we mined and blew up some German trenches, the Italian regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Garibaldi made a vigorous attack on the breach made by the explosions.

It took 120 prisoners, including twelve non-commissioned officers, and captured a machine gun and a caisson.—Reuter.

PARIS, Jan. 6.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

The only notable incidents reported to-day were:

In the north there was a fairly lively cannonade in the region of Zillebeke.

Our positions in the Argonne were maintained and slight progress was made by our troops in the Bois de Hirtzbach, near Altkirch.—Reuter.

THREE ZEPPELINS SEEN NEAR DUNKIRK.

Reported Oversea Flight by German Airships—Aeroplanes in Attendance.

NORTHERN FRANCE, Jan. 6.—A Zeppelin airship was sighted early to-day skirting the coast near Gravelines, where it turned westwards towards England. It is rumoured that two other Zeppelins had preceded it.

Throughout the day Dunkirk was subjected to aeroplane raids. One after the other the German aeroplanes approached the town to drop their bombs.

As soon as the aeroplanes came within range the guns opened fire.

One shot from an anti-aircraft gun at Ferry Station exploded right underneath an aeroplane and made it shiver.

The airman could be seen trying to recover his balance and soon he turned and flew away down wind at a speed estimated by airmen to be 120 miles an hour.

Later six German aeroplanes beat up slowly against the wind, and remained poised over the town till the fire of rifles and machine guns forced them to turn tail.

From the small number of bombs dropped it may be inferred that the gun-fire was effective in keeping the raiders from getting close enough to their objectives, unless, of course, the aeroplanes had some mission in connection with the Zeppelins.

Nothing was heard during the day concerning the Zeppelins' achievements and no news has reached here yet concerning their return.

Possibly the aeroplanes were scouting for news of the Zeppelins, which may have come to grief.

GERMAN COPPER FAMINE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—At Liege the German authorities have confiscated a great number of motor-cars.

They are requisitioning everything made of copper, making searches in destroyed villages, where they take the copper from doors and pumps.

Cardioids are being sent to Germany.

Four guns have arrived at Liege, captured from the French north of Rheims.

Many troops pass through the town on the way to the Yser front. French and British prisoners, numbering 367, passed through from Rheims.

Many German soldiers from Roulers, who are ill, have arrived at Liege. They are conveyed through the streets by night.

From a reliable source our correspondent learns that typhoid is raging among the Germans at the Yser front.

It is also stated that the Germans are busily preparing the forts at Maubeuge. They hope to be in readiness by the end of the month.—Central News.

ESPIONAGE PLOT.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—The *Telegraaf* learns that the Dutch authorities have detected a serious case of espionage, and a telegraph official has been arrested.

It is alleged that he perused the telegrams from one of the belligerent Powers, which were afterwards transmitted from different places in the country to another belligerent Power by other persons involved in what is believed to be a rather extensive conspiracy.—Reuter.

YPRES AGAIN?

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—A *Sluis* telegram to Het Volk states that great movements of troops have taken place from east to west and strong German forces are concentrated along the Yser.

Contrary is full of fresh troops, and it is generally believed that an attempt will be made by the Germans to break through the line of the Allies north-west of Ypres.—Reuter.

WAR DRAMA OF CARDINAL'S PASTORAL LETTER.

German Soldiers' Wild Dash After Courier—Cardinal Mercier Still a Prisoner.

The arrest by the Germans of Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, may well prove to be a blunder that will recoil on Germany's head. A large portion of the population of Germany is Roman Catholic, and in Austria the proportion is still larger.

Cardinal Mercier is still a prisoner in his palace, being placed under a military guard.

Here are a few extracts from the Cardinal's new year's pastoral which gave such offence to Germany that they arrested the venerable Prelate:—

Belgium was bound in honour to defend her independence. She has kept her word. The other Powers were bound to respect and to protect Belgium's neutrality. Germany has broken her oath: Great Britain has been faithful to hers. These are the facts.

This Power (Germany) has no legitimate authority. Consequently, in the secrecy of your own hearts, you owe it neither esteem, nor affection, nor obedience.

The sole legitimate Power in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the representatives of the nation. These alone represent authority for us. These alone have the right to our affection and submission.

The printer of the pastoral letter, says a Reuter special message from Amsterdam, was arrested and released on bail; he was until recently the Burgomaster of Malines.

When the Germans learnt that the letter had been distributed by courier throughout the Bishopric of Malines soldiers in motor-cars at once took up the pursuit and searched all the parishes.

Some priests had not yet read the letter, others were compelled to interrupt the reading of the document from the pulpit, while others were arrested.

All the rectories around Malines and Antwerp are guarded by sentries, and last Sunday in some churches guards with rifles were posted near the pulpits to prevent the reading of the pastoral letter.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—Telegrams from Berlin state that the arrest of Cardinal Mercier has created the deepest consternation in Catholic circles.

Telegrams from Rome received at Berlin do not conceal the indignation which is felt at the Vatican at the Cardinal's arrest, concerning which it is expected that the Pope will ask for a speedy redress.—Exchange Special.

NASTY JAR FOR GOEBEN.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 6.—Information has been received here to the effect that the German cruiser Goeben ran on to Russian mines on Christmas Day near the Bosphorus.

The Goeben is reported to have been partially destroyed, and it is stated that the work of effecting repairs will occupy at least three months.—Exchange Special.

MIDGET STATE SAYS "NO."

ROME, Jan. 6.—The *Corriere d'Italia* states that Germany has lodged a fresh protest with the Republic of San Marino declaring that the wireless station on Monte Titano is being used for the purposes of espionage in favour of France, with the result that French warships in the Adriatic have been sending news to Paris by means of that station.

Germany now demands that permission shall be given for a German Commission to visit the wireless plants in San Marino. The Government of San Marino has refused the request, stating that it will only consent to allow a visit by an Italian Commission.—Central News.

[San Marino, one of the most ancient States in Europe, lies in the north of Italy, not far from the sea. It has an area of twenty-three square miles and its inhabitants number about 8,000.]

813332



Some of the low-lying parts of Windsor have escaped the floods—thanks to a dam erected by the corporation.

TURKS SACRIFICED IN MAD ADVENTURE.

German War Plans That Resulted in Disaster for Two Army Corps.

RUSSIA'S CRUSHING BLOW.

Russia's sweeping victory over the Turks now seems complete.

Details of the fighting received yesterday show how complete was the failure of the German-made plans for the Turkish Armies and how utter demoralisation overtook the forces near Ardagan and at Sarykanysh.

Turkey's "mad adventure" in advancing into the Caucasus in winter is regarded at Petrograd as due to German advice.

WENT TO CERTAIN DEATH

PETROGRAD, Jan. 6.—As official and private dispatches recording the latest Russian victories are received, more confidence in the Russian armies increases.

Nothing could have been steeper than the conduct of the Russians during the initial stages of the battle of Sarykanysh, when they were outnumbered by the enemy by ten to one.

The Turks adopted the conventional German tactics, and attacked simultaneously on the front and the flanks.

It is absolutely incomprehensible how they could have been hypnotised by their German task-masters to such an extent that they went to certain destruction.

They swarmed down snow-filled gullies of a steepness which would have daunted Swiss mountaineers, and, waist-deep in snow, half naked, ragged and frozen, attacked the invulnerable Russians, who retained their fire till the enemy was within 400 yards, and then opened a devastating whirlwind with quick-firers.

The Russians subsequently effected a retreat to the eastwards, drawing the unsuspecting enemy after them.

The Turks, bravely carrying out the instructions of their German masters in the sense of "now or never," fought on day and night until they were within a couple of miles of Sarykanysh.

At this moment, however, the Russian reinforcements, including artillery, arrived on the forefronts, and the tables were turned with a vengeance. This was the beginning of the end. It was noted in the course of the fighting that the Turks fired upon Red Cross trains.—Reuter's Special Service.

FLEEING TURKS DOOMED.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 5.—A communiqué from the army in the Caucasus says:—

The defeat which we inflicted upon the Turkish Army at Sarykanysh is complete. The 9th Turkish Army Corps was annihilated and we captured the commander of the corps, Ishkan Pasha, the commanders of the 17th, 28th and 29th Divisions, two of their lieutenants, with all their staffs, over 100 officers and a large number of men.

The losses of the Turks in killed and wounded are enormous. We took many guns, machine guns, large quantities of ammunition and many supply columns.

The honour of capturing the commander of the Turkish Army Corps fell to a company of one of our regiments.

In the capture of Ardagan one of our Siberian cavalry regiments and the 1st Cavalry Division of two companies of Turkish infantry.

A squadron of the same regiment captured the colours of the 8th Regiment of Infantry of Constantinople. The Turks are falling back in all directions.

On the other fronts there is no change.—Reuter.

ALMOST SURROUNDED.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 6.—Further particulars received here of the Turkish defeat in the Caucasus show that the Turkish army, after having been utterly beaten near Ardagan, is now almost completely surrounded by the Russian forces.

It is fighting desperately in a forlorn attempt to rally its forces in the region of the River Thorok.

The Russian cavalry is incessantly pursuing the enemy, whose remnants, it is declared, are doomed to complete and inevitable extermination, as their only line of retreat lies along roads buried deep in snow and impassable.—Reuter.

GERMAN SCHEME THAT FAILED.

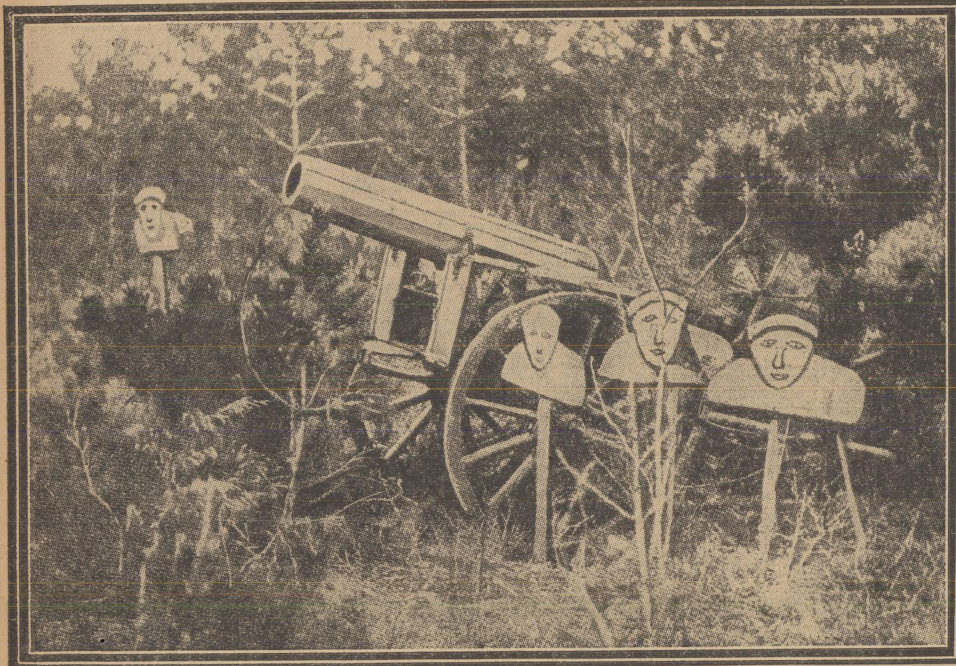
PETROGRAD, Jan. 6.—While Turkey entered upon the war the most sanguine Russian did not venture to hope that she would court disaster by advancing into the Caucasus in the winter, especially as the weather this year has been particularly severe.

The Turks' invasion of Russian territory has all along been called here a mad adventure, the conception of which, everyone was convinced, which was bound to be on a par with previous German miscalculations.

The Russian military authorities have made no secret of their certainty that it would end in a great Turkish defeat, and that the Turks were being sacrificed to a chimerical German idea of detaching considerable Russian forces from Poland and Galicia.—Reuter

SCARECROW GUNNERS: A GERMAN RUSE AT TSINGTAU.

9566 A



Dummy gun and scarecrows which the Japanese found on Itis Fort, Tsingtau, after the capture of the fortress. From a distance the scarecrows would look like men's heads and might easily deceive an enemy.

NOT SUITABLE FOR MATINEES.



This is one of the latest things in hats, but it would probably lead to a mobilisation of the male forces in the stalls of a theatre. It becomes the wearer, however.

GROWN TO BE REAL SOLDIERS.

P. 16844



How they dressed up when they were boys.



Now grown men, they are serving their country.

When the Boer war was in progress the four sons of Mr. George Chapman, of Leiston, were playing at soldiers, but now they are real fighting men and are all at the front.

WONDERFUL
"HAIR BEAUTY"
LESSON.

How Beautiful Hair Doubles
Attractiveness and Charm.

A FREE-OF-COST TOILET GIFT TO
PROVE EVERYONE CAN GROW
HEALTHY, LUXURIANT HAIR.

HOW many women realise that it is possible to spend many guineas on their dress without in the least adding to the charm of their appearance!

Elegant and fashionable dresses of course make a difference, but the woman who spends only a few shillings on her hats and dresses may quite easily do so to far greater advantage than the woman who spends two hundred a year.

It is all a question of knowing how to grow beautiful and abundant hair, and that is why Mr. Edwards is making the splendid free hair-growing gift to readers, described in this column.

Even an unpretentious little hat, costing but a shilling or two, looks infinitely more attractive upon a head of lovely abundant hair, than a hat at twenty times the price on scanty or unbeautiful tresses.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR FOR THE ASKING.

And, after all, there is such a simple method of making the thinnest, duldest head of hair really beautiful. When you see a woman with clusters of rippling hair, you may be sure that she is one of those who have learnt the "Harlene" Hair-Drill secret of growing hair in



There is a Free Gift for every reader of this paper who desires a beautiful head of hair and who wishes to double her charm of appearance. It is only necessary to fill in the coupon below to secure this gift.

abundance, probably commencing her hair re-awakening by accepting such a free gift as is offered here.

Men, too, find that strong, healthy hair improves the appearance a hundred fold, therefore Mr. Edwards, the famous discoverer of "Harlene" offers to each and every reader of "The Daily Mirror"—men and women alike—a full trial Hair-Growing Outfit entirely at his own expense.

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR HAIR-
BEAUTY GIFT FREE.

Simply fill in, cut out, and post the special coupon below, as directed, and immediately you will receive this triple toilet gift:—

1.—A free trial bottle of "Harlene," the most successful hair grower and tonic dressing ever prescribed.

2.—A free copy of Mr. Edwards' famous book of rules for the "Harlene" Hair-Drill, that trebles the beauty of the hair growth.

3.—A trial packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for dissolving scurf, etc.

No matter how thin, straggling, loose, or imperfect your hair, "Harlene" will make it perfect, and when you have realised just how wonderful the "Harlene" Hair-Drill method is you will surely want to continue. You can then always obtain supplies of "Harlene" from all chemists at 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo Powder at 1s. per box of seven Shampoos; 2d. per single packet, or direct from the Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Postage on foreign orders extra. P.O.s and cheques should be crossed.

FILL IN AND POST THIS COUPON

To Edwards' "Harlene" Co.,
20-26, Lamb's Conduit-st., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs—
Please send me your free "Harlene" hair-growing outfit. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 7.1.15.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1915.

"GO TO SPAIN."

THERE IS NO DOUBT that the public indignation is being aroused in this matter of rain. Here are accumulating letters with every sort of suggestion as to the cause and remedy for this diluvial state of things. Many of our readers adhere to the old nursery superstition about the big guns; it is all this fighting at the front that brings the rain; as though Zeus, the open sky, were determined to damp pugnacity. We must stop the war, therefore (argue these good people), if we want to stop the rain.

On the other hand, no less probably might it be maintained that the rain will stop the war, land operations of an entirely aquatic kind being, we suppose, unprecedented on such a scale. We think in our sleepless moments—insomnia has greatly increased since last August—of those myriads now wading waist deep in the trenches. As we lie awake, we hear the ceaseless dribble of water off gutterings, down gutters, into roads now sheets of water. How it rains!—impartially, as in scriptural observance, upon all sides, the right and the wrong. The mud grows deeper and deeper. The roads merge into the fields and the fields overflow on to the roads. Some such majestic words as those used by Milton to describe "the waste wide anarchy of chaos damp and dark" would be needed to give any idea of the result upon decent topography of this apparently endless downpour.

Can nothing be done to stop it?

Many of our correspondents seem to think the Government or the War Office ought to do something. Our common enemy, climate, with its earthquakes and floods and cold and heat, fails eternally to unite us. We cannot combine with a view to overcoming Nature. We must be ever fighting. Hence the rain.

Yet we feel that our correspondents will be indignant if we do not find something more helpful to say. So we say this: The rain, thus prolonged, must in the natural course of things produce a more or less liquid-living human type, with human habits corresponding, to meet it. True, we "pitiful post-diluvians" cannot expect to live in the water. But as in Holland we can adapt and deal with it by dykes and barriers and floating rush-houses and swimming huts and other means of resistance. In time we shall be better able to meet the ceaseless drip drip. Waterproof boots are being ordered by everybody. There was never such a demand for rubbers and mackintoshes. Rain-proof coats are sold out. Soon we shall be ready and resigned. And then, when we are resigned and ready, behold, the rain will stop. *Ecce imber abiit.*

It always acts like that. And if that fails, there remains a faint hope even in our writing about it thus. For we have again and again remarked that to comment in print upon any climatic condition is in some mysterious way to cause that condition to change completely. Never have we praised beautiful weather in print without bringing the rain down. Similarly by speaking of rain and anticipating its continuance we hope to do our indignant readers the service of drying the rain up. W. M.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If you censure your friend for every fault he commits there will come a time when you will have no friend to censure. —Arabian Proverb.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

THE NEW WAITER.

YOUR cartoonist shows us the very old-fashioned type of waiter—the sort of person who used to hang about musty old hotels in the time of Dickens.

This waiter is dead long ago. The new type (I am speaking of Englishmen) is much better. Your cartoonist will have a chance of estimating the improvement after the war. We don't want the Austrians and Germans back again! M.

SOCIAL DIFFERENCES.

I HAVE read with much interest the correspondence in your paper on the social difference between the shorthand-typist and the domestic servant. The main portion of your correspondents seem to agree that there is no difference.

the domestic servant does not usually study French and German.

As for a servant being able to do a typist's work better than a typist can do that of a servant, the person who says such a thing simply shows her ignorance of what a typist's duties are.

ANOTHER SHORTHAND-TYPIST.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

"LIVE and let live" is the only fair policy in this world, considering how dependent we all really are upon one another. The mistress depends upon her servant to do the housework, the servant depends upon her mistress for her wages, board and lodging. The labourer relies upon his employer for work and wages, and the employer relies not only upon the labourer to do the work, but upon the public to purchase the goods produced. We might all of us be

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Educational Hints To Be Obtained From Our Time of Trial.

EDUCATION AND THE WAR.

SURELY after this war one reform will have to be made in the arrangements of our public schools—I mean in regard to sport.

As it is at present most of our public schools make cricket and football compulsory.

I well remember when I was at a public school how dreadfully I was bored by the first of these games. The dawdling about on long summer afternoons while one's side was in, and then the long dawdling in the field infelicitously interrupted upon me. Yet this game was compulsory. None were excused. Now if it had been a question of military training the idea of compulsion would have been vigorously resisted.

The school rifle corps was only a small minority of the school. They were rather looked down upon. Yet those mock operations and campaigns must have been far more fun than the endless cricket. Cricket is a dogma in England. Military training is not. Yet the latter would do far more good to every boy and I understand that under the pressure of this crisis the majority of our slow-moving public schools are coming to see the point of it.

N. L.
Frognauld-gardens, N.W.

CAN IT BE DONE?

"W. M.'s" article fails to take account of the great difficulties of teaching modern languages in big public schools.

Presumably your contributor would like our boys taught to speak these languages. How is that to be done? A staff of foreign masters? All of them unable to keep discipline among the boys? Is such a thing to be realised?

The best plan—indeed, I think, the only plan—would be an interchange of boys between the schools all over the Continent. But this is rather idealistic and must wait for a time when the United States of Europe are a reality. And even then the difficulties would be enormous, as a little reflection will convince anyone.

G. L.
Pump-cour, Temple, E.C.

THE GOOD SIDE OF IT. I AM proud to be alive upon this planet at this particular period in evolution.

The call to-day is for courage and cheer. There is no moment for sadness.

Those who have passed away have but entered a fuller and more perfect existence; those who remain have much to do, for life goes on as usual, and time requires of us, attention.

How glorious to read the papers each day and ponder upon deeds of chivalry and heroism. The world shares one thought. Rich and poor, high and low, touch as they have seldom touched before, in sympathy.

Frivolity has had a deadly blow. Vainglory and excess find themselves homeless and neglected. Vanity sits in ashes and mourns; for life-to-day is real, life is earnest. We are at war for the reconstruction of the race.

To think of this is to forget thought of the misery of the moment. CHARLOTTE BROOK.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 6.—Grass can seldom be induced to flourish under big trees, but there are many delightful subjects that may be used for covering the ground. Ivy is one of the most useful of these, and looks neat and attractive throughout the year.

Periwinkle (vinca), with its pretty blue flowers, always does well in a shady spot, and the favourite St. John's Wort will be gay during the summer and autumn.

If a low-growing shrub is needed for setting under a large tree, let the easily grown Mahonia Aquifolium be chosen. Mahonia foliage and yellow blossoms are most decorative.

E. F. T.

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' REFORMED FACES.



A Hamburg paper, wild with hatred against England, has published the news that "many German men are growing unusually long beards in order to avoid falling under the degrading suspicion of being like the clean-shaven Englishman." If "many Germans" do this the Willies will have to do it also, unless, indeed, they are already leading the way. —(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

But take the case of a girl of good parentage (and there are many such) who has had a first-class education and training at a business college.

Her parents probably keep a servant or servants. When she returns from the office, is she to be on an equality with the rest of her family or with the servants? If there is no social superiority her right place is in the kitchen. But surely a child is the social equal of its parents? Very well—let the whole family go into the kitchen. Abolish all class distinctions. This is only reasonable.

As for the second-rate typist at 12s. a week, her parents probably keep no servant at all, being used to doing their own work. It seems ridiculous, if a girl of good birth chooses to support herself or help her parents by working for money, to expect her to lose the social standing of the rest of her family.

"C. F. R." is a most exceptional case, if she is of the servant-class, which I am inclined to think she is not. She would probably be very indignant if she were considered as such. Also,

likened to the wheels in the great clock of life, working together as it ticks away our years.

DESTINY.

A WAR ON.

YOUR septuagenarian correspondent whose wants are not well attended to as they used to be should remember that there is a war on. Lots of people don't seem to realise it. Welbeck-street. HELPING HARD.

SONG OF THE UNIVERSAL.

Come, sing the Muse.
Sing me a song; no poet yet has chanted,
Sing me the universal.

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection.

By every life a share or more or less,
None born but it is born, concealed or unconcealed,
The seed is waiting.

—WALT WHITMAN.

TWO SHIPS DRIVEN ASHORE: EXCITING RESCUES.

410416 G

410416 G



One of the crew being brought ashore by breeches buoy.

Men awaiting rescue.

There were exciting rescue scenes when the Dutch ketch Zwaarte Cornelia and the Russian brigantine Otto were driven ashore in Weymouth Bay during a gale. The two vessels collided, and the first-named had her bowsprit smashed. Many of the men were rescued by means of the breeches buoy.

POLICEMAN ON STILTS IN FLOODED AREA: PUNTING IN STREETS.

41333 R

41333 R



The local policeman at Shrewton goes about on stilts, but the soldier prefers to get along in the ordinary way. If he is lucky enough to get to the front later, he will find it good training for Flanders.



Policeman gives a pedestrian a "pick-a-back" at Salisbury.

41333 R



A motor-car which has been "held up" on the road for several days.

41333 R



Punting along Fisherton-street, Salisbury, where some of the principal thoroughfares have been flooded.

WHERE PEOPLE

469 R



There are places where it is possible to forget the great tragedy, and where people can enjoy a picture, which is of a night scene.

469 R



Here is another beauty spot—St. Moritz on the Rhine, where the atmosphere and it is impossible to forget it, to be.

ET THE WAR



war, where life goes on unchanged
ings besides death and disaster. The
ne, shows such a place.



ng. In London war is in the very
signs undisturbed. It is a good place

SOLDIERS BREAK ICE TO WATER THEIR HORSES.

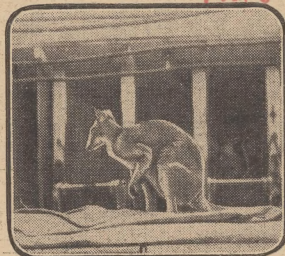


There has been frost as well as rain in the western theatre of war. This picture was taken in the hilly country in Northern France, where certain British cavalry regiments are in camp, and shows the troopers watering their horses. They had to break the ice before they could give the animals their drink. It was a cold job, but the British cavalryman would not mind that, especially as it was for his horse's benefit. They are greatly attached to their "mounts," whereas, if report speaks truly, the German soldier has no love for these dumb creatures, and his treatment of them is frequently brutal.

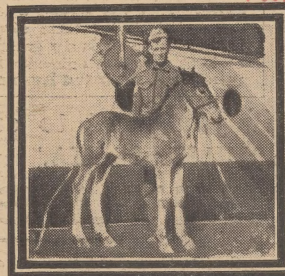
NOT TOO LATE.



Late-comers picked up by one of the
escorting war-ships and taken to the
transport.



A kangaroo, which was a great pet
with the men on board.



Foal born on a steamer. The pictures
illustrate the voyage of the Austr-
lians to England.

WASHING DAY IN THE FLOODED AREA.



This woman, who lives in the Thames Valley, believes in making the best of things. As the flood
has come right up to her threshold she turns it as far as possible to her advantage, and this is what
she does on washing day.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Get Well the 'Wincarnis' Way

If you are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down," or a martyr to Indigestion, or vainly trying to regain your strength after an exhausting illness—get well the 'Wincarnis' way—the quick, sure and safe way to new health and new life—the way that is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors.

Don't remain Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down.'

Don't suffer needlessly. Don't let your life be clouded by indifferent health. Let 'Wincarnis' (*the Wine of Life*) give you new strength, new blood, new nerves and new life. 'Wincarnis' will do this, because it is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all in one.



has been the means of giving new health and new life to countless thousands of people who suffered as, perhaps, you suffer now. Those countless thousands read our announcements showing how they could obtain new health—just as you are reading this announcement. Those countless thousands bought 'Wincarnis' and obtained the new health they needed—just as you can obtain it if you take 'Wincarnis'. Or else they sent for a free trial bottle—just as you are invited to do. To-day those countless thousands of people are in the full enjoyment of the new health and the new life 'Wincarnis' has given them. Will you try 'Wincarnis'? All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell it. But be sure you get 'Wincarnis'—don't trust imitations or substitutes.

Begin to get Well FREE

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send
This
Coupon
To-day.

Free Trial Coupon

COLEMAN & CO. Ltd.,
W 284, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

"D. Mir."
7/11/15.

BRITISH CYCLISTS

There are no terrors
in winter riding

if your tyres are right. They will be right if they are of Dunlop manufacture. Every purpose and every purse is catered for by Dunlop, Warwick and Cambridge tyres. Ask your agent to show you the Dunlop Magnum, the ideal tyre for rough roads or greasy setts.

REMEMBER.

If you purchase British Dunlop tyres you help to uphold the trade of this country. If you buy foreign tyres—either European or American—you aim a direct blow at British workpeople.

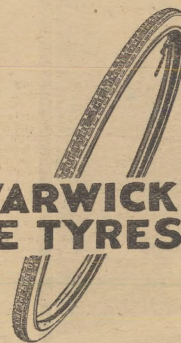
DUNLOP, WARWICK & CAMBRIDGE TYRES



TRADE MARK

The DUNLOP RUBBER CO., Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham, and 146, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

DUNLOP SOLID TYRES FOR HEAVY COMMERCIAL VEHICLES.



By Appointment to



His Majesty the King.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

"THE RICHEST IN CREAM"
BUT NOW
REDUCED IN PRICE

THE TIMES, 4th Jan., 1915:
CHIEF NEEDS OF BRITISH TROOPS
AT THE FRONT.

The military Forwarding Officer at the Overseas Base writes from France:—"The troops generally are wanting more pipes, tobacco, and condensed milk. They are getting a lot of cigarettes and warm clothing, but these other things I mention are not coming out in any quantities, and if anything could be done in this direction it would be very much appreciated by men at the front."

So if you want to save our soldiers from "MILKLESS TEA," send them some tins of

NESTLÉ'S MILK.

If any Canteen, Grocer, or Store is out of stock, please send a line to
NESTLÉ'S, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.
Contractors to His Majesty's Navy, Army, and Reserve Forces.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is very elastic.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane. They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is white with rage and jealousy. "I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-lipped lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives. On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. Valerie calmly tells her to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier. As she reads her heart is torn. John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there, from horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation seizes and swirls into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She—Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. They are married very quietly.

The next thing Sylvia hears to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes over Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is her to a baronetcy and desires to see Sylvia at once. She tells him that her sister came out to India. Later Valerie is found dead in some old room, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greystead, the beautiful old family house. Sylvia is driven to find that her husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane.

Dr. Marzoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier and after an operation tells him the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband's sight will be as good as ever.

They return to Greystead together. One night, Hillier overhears Lane annoying his wife, and dismisses him. Something that Lane says before he goes makes Hillier suspicious. Gradually, through various causes, the truth is borne in upon Hillier. For purposes of his own, he tells Sylvia that his sight will not come back so soon as all.

They return to London, where, at a garden-party, Sylvia comes face to face with her old enemy, Mrs. Cunliffe. The latter at once addresses her as Sylvia.

MRS. CUNLIFFE DEFEATED.

AN enemy this, who would give no quarter. Sylvia realised this as she looked at Mrs. Cunliffe's dark, vindictive face. The last time those eyes had looked into her own there had been ugly passions alight in them—anger and contempt; there was hatred now, and an infinite malice.

"Why, positively you don't appear to recognise me? Or won't you? Or do you think you have seen a ghost—you look as though you have."

Mrs. Cunliffe's harsh ugly voice and hard laugh rang out, challenging attention. Sylvia felt as though the eyes of all the world were focussed upon her.

"It is you who have seen a ghost, I fear, madam," Hillier's voice broke in on the agony of Sylvia's silence. "I think you cannot be aware that my wife's sister, Miss Sylvia Craven, died of a fever in India."

Mrs. Cunliffe's fiercely bright eyes flashed from Sylvia's face to the face of the man who had addressed her.

Her supple lips leaped to the situation instantly. Of course this was Sylvia, she knew, both sisters well, and she was not likely to forget or mistake the girl to whom, she considered, she owed the ruin of her life. And this was Sir John Hillier, the man who had inherited a fortune and a title very unexpectedly indeed.

Valerie had been engaged to a John Hillier, and Sylvia had married him! Oh, the cat, the sly, sly little cat!

"Indeed, I had no idea. Oh, but I am so sorry for my most distressing mistake. Please

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

forgive me. But really, the resemblance is so extraordinary.

Mrs. Cunliffe's apologies had a ring of vulgar agitation that Sylvia knew to be assumed. And while she made them her eyes raked Sylvia's face with a frank enjoyment of the perils of the situation.

"I can hardly expect you to remember me," she added, addressing Sylvia. "My name is Cunliffe. I knew your sister very well indeed."

"And I remember you very well, Mrs. Cunliffe," Sylvia said in an even voice, "and all your kindnesses to her."

It was reckless defiance. Hillier was quick to recognise this; in spite of himself, he was conscious of a certain grudging admiration for his wife's desperate courage.

Mrs. Cunliffe made an ironical little inclination of her sleek head.

"I can never forget all I owe to her," she said.

The sentence was a throwing down of the glove at Sylvia's feet.

They stood together for a few moments talking. As was almost inevitable, they spoke of India. Mrs. Cunliffe knew the country very well. She had spent some years of married life there.

"Oh, miles and miles and miles away from you," she said. "Our headquarters were at Bombay; but I had a friend—or had—some—where in your district by a couple of hundred miles or so—a man called Anthony Henderson.

Poor fellow, he made a fool of himself and married a nigger, I believe."

Hillier was conscious of a fierce spasm of distaste for this woman with her ugly voice and vulgar talk.

"We knew Henderson quite well," he said. "He was a particular friend of mine, and his wife also—a most charming woman. I was grieved to hear a few days ago that she had died very suddenly. The blow will be a terrible one for Henderson. The poor chap is on his way home."

"Really?"

A little flush stole into Mrs. Cunliffe's sallow cheeks; it accentuated her look of ravaged beauty as a touch of paint might have done. In

HONOUR FOR A SISTER.



Sister Julia, who has been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for her conduct during the terrific bombardment of Gerboville, Alsace, was in charge of the French military hospital.

that moment she looked the type of woman Hillier imagined her to be from her voice. The type that she was not.

"Poor old Tony—hard luck. Well, I shall be pleased to see him again. We used to be very good comrades in the old days."

Her eyes sought Sylvia, and the girl was conscious of a sense of chill. Out of all the world that Henderson should be a friend of this woman's—this woman who hated her.

Sylvia could not have told why, but in those last days in India she had imagined that more than once she had caught Henderson's eyes fixed on her with a brooding curiosity.

Good-bye, Lady Hillier. I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you very soon."

She shook hands with Hillier, but ignored Sylvia. Only the dark eyes sent a message—

"What an insufferable person!" As they moved on Hillier slipped his arm through Sylvia's. "Really, I think it was pure spite that pretended recognition of Sylvia—she wanted to bring herself to your notice. After all, the resemblance between you and the poor child was not so extraordinarily marked. No one who had ever seen you together could possibly mistake you."

"You think not?" Sylvia managed to say.

"I'm certain of it. What an ass that woman was! I don't like her. She has a hideous voice. A beautiful voice and beautiful eyes—no woman is a woman, properly speaking, who does not possess both. The others are merely persons of the feminine gender."

He dismissed the subject with a laugh. Sylvia walked on more than ever bewildered. Why had Jack intervened, to save her by what

if indeed he knew the truth, as she felt convinced he knew it, was a lie? There had been other and obvious means by which he could have saved the unpleasantness of a scene in public than by committing himself to a definite statement.

They had reached the entrance to the tea-gardens, a charmingly arranged Japanese garden with a most realistic temple where fascinating stars of the theatrical world flitted in and out, arrayed in kimono of ravishing hues, dispensing tea after the alleged manner of the Japanese.

Sylvia stood looking about for a table. She felt utterly sick at heart. The gay scene accentuated her misery.

"The wages of sin is death. . . ." Unaccountably the phrase flashed through her mind. It came in that moment not as a warning, but fraught with a sinister suggestion. Death that unlocks all doors and sets the captives free. . . .

"Ah, here you are! I have been fortunate in catching you up. I want you to sit at my pet table and be ministered to by the most delightful pretty girl in London."

Laurence Seton's voice broke in on her thoughts. She turned and looked at him with the wide eyes of a woman who has been called back from the present, across immense, chill tracts of thought.

Seton was conscious of a feeling akin to horror as he looked at her. Only once before had he seen such an expression on a woman's face. On the still, set face of a girl who had been found drowned he had seen taken from the Seine during his student days.

HILLIER HAS A VISITOR.

IT was strange how that phrase that had come to her, so inconspicuously, as she watched the gay, kaleidoscopic crowds at the charity fête, haunted Sylvia.

"Death that sets captives free. . . ." She brooded over it now as she sat on the little balcony of her sitting-room at the Majestic and looked out over the brown waters of the Thames that sparkled in the sunlight.

Death that would set Jack free from the captivity into which she had led him.

"I'm so tired of it all—so tired of it," she whispered passionately to herself. "I want to rest; it's all been such a bitter failure."

She stood up, leaning her elbows on the rail and looked out towards the river. It seemed to her a message for her as it flowed on placidly between its bridges—a message of peace.

She was like a gambler who has staked all on one last throw and finds himself bankrupt, even of hope. She had staked everything—love and honour and truth—on that one desperate decision made in the silence of the deserted flat at Chelsea, and she had lost everything.

She had set up human love on the altar of her heart—a great white image that blocked out everything—and the image had tottered and fallen, crushing her in its ruins.

And now . . . just to find rest . . . She turned and looked at the clock on the room behind her. She saw that it was her husband. She heard his voice calling for her.

"Are you there, Valerie? Oh, it's nothing of much importance, only that I have had a telephone message from Marzoff. He wants me to go down to Bloomsbury to see him—says he can't do anything in the way of a proper examination here. I'm off now—I wondered if you'd come to drink over with me."

Care. How could he ask such a foolish thing? Surely he must know. Surely, with all her sins, with all the cloud of her deception, he must know that the world held no pleasure for her save in its nearness.

Her voice trembled a little as she spoke. "I should love to go. I won't keep you a moment. Have you ordered the car?"

"Yes. It will be waiting for us by the time you are ready."

Hillier sat down near the window, and Sylvia crossed the room to the bedroom that opened from her sitting-room.

She heard Hillier's voice calling with a touch of impatience. "I don't want to be late—Marzoff is a person who will not be kept waiting."

"I'm ready."

They went downstairs together. Hillier, for some reason, had taken a dislike to the lift during the last few days. At the bend of the wide staircase Sylvia, looking down, was aware of a familiar face among the crowd.

"Jack, I do believe that's Tony Henderson," she whispered. "And he looks so strange and—shabby. How odd of him to come here like that!"

"Perhaps he has only just arrived and is looking a bit travel-stained," Hillier suggested. "Possibly he's staying at the hotel."

It was hardly likely, of course, since the Majestic was hardly the hotel for a poor man, and Henderson was by no means a rich one.

"Hallo, Hillier. Hallo! I thought I would come and look you up. Got the address from old Seton. You're looking very ill."

Even Sylvia was aware of something extremely unusual in Henderson's manner. She felt vaguely disgusted as he took her hand and regarded her with a sickly smile.

"Very pleased you did," Hillier said. "But you mustn't stay, Valerie. Henderson, I must ask you to excuse my wife. . . . She has an engagement."

The reason for the man's odd appearance at which Sylvia had hinted was very obvious to

(Continued on page 11.)



GREY HAIR

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A WELL-KNOWN CHEMIST has discovered a wonderful treatment which is prepared according to the best scientific principles, and is an absolutely modern, safe, guaranteed hair colourer. Even your closest relative or friend will not know of the wonderful preparation if you merely keep the bottle out of sight. The effect is natural; the hair gradually becomes its natural shade until the true colour of youthful days is attained. Then the shade remains so; it doesn't vary. It keeps the same year after year. To prove this worth of this excellent preparation a trial treatment, together with a tablet of Lind's celebrated non-alkaline soap for prevention of dandruff, will be sent free in private parcels receipt of two pence for postage—P. LIND, LTD., English Chemists, 559, Clyde House, 489a, Oxford Street, London, W.

Feminine Moustaches—How to Permanently Remove.

To those interested, the above headline will no doubt be a reminder of many shillings—sometimes pounds—thrown away on various depilatories, all claiming to hasten the growth of destroying the roots of superfluous hair. In the majority of cases, chemical depilatories leave behind them a stronger and more vigorous growth of hair, to say nothing of a skin coarsened or thickened by their continued use. To probe further into the subject, it would be as well to explain that chemical depilatories merely burn off the hair at the point of contact with the skin, and consequently the growth immediately becomes apparent because the hair never ceases growing while the root remains. The more one burns it off, the stronger it becomes. Now, then, it is quite obvious that to remove at once. This removal may be accomplished at home in a few moments, in a very simple manner. Get about 12 grammes of phosphate from your chemist and melt it in a phetaine from your candle until quite soft, then apply to the offending hair, which, in a few moments, may be removed, with the roots attached. No possible injury can be done to the skin. The phosphate contains no chemicals whatever.—(Advt.)

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Meant to Deceive the
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The Daily Mirror

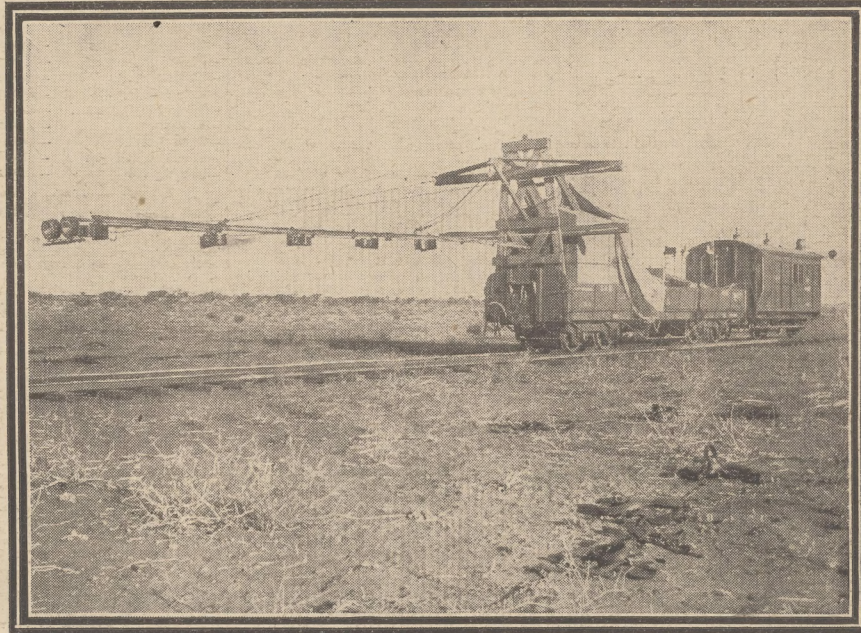
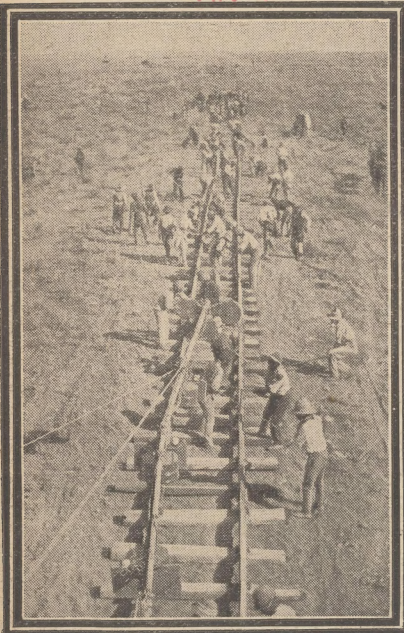
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WINTER'S Grip in France :
Cavalrymen Break Ice to
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ELECTRIC LIGHT IN A DESERT: HOW A NEW RAILWAY IS BEING BUILT.

41152

41152



Laying the track across a desert.

The powerful lights for night work. They are on the pole projecting from the truck.

An ingenious apparatus is in use in order to enable the men who are building a railway in Africa to work by night as well as by day. It consists of electric lights attached

to a truck, which runs along to the end of the line, and illuminates the area where the new section is being laid.

GERMAN ALPHABET ABOUT BRITAIN: SIR EDWARD GREY THE SUPER-VILLAIN.

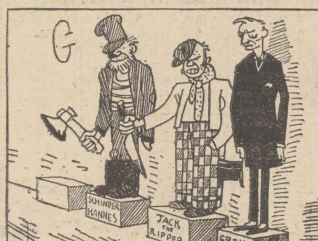
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A is for Asquith; his dream is a bubble, he thinks himself mighty, but is cut down like stubble.



C is for Churchill—his element is quite indisputably firewater cant. He is reading out our naval losses.



G is a blackguard, a villain accurst, yet look where you will, Grey is easily first. (G stands for Gauner.)



L is for lion and also for lie, while under its skin hides a donkey—oh, my!



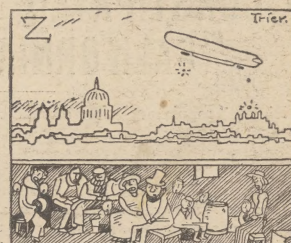
N is the night at the end of the day; when the Londoner goes most sadly astray.



R is the recruit, the pick of the nation; in London his uniform makes such a sensation.



U is the under-sea-boat, oh, England, take warning; perhaps there's one in your jug this morning.



Z is a Zeppelin—burr-r goes its propeller; while the Londoner shivers in underground cellar.

It is always interesting to see ourselves as our enemies see us, and these pictures are selected from an alphabet about Britain which appeared in a German paper with the wording translated.

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